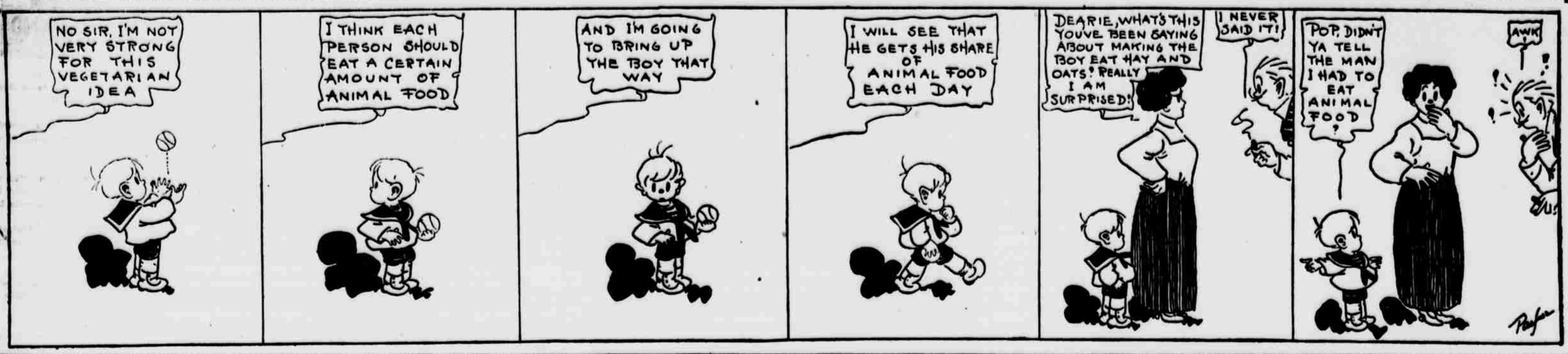
"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



Men of Initiative

Modern Americans Who Have Led the March of Progress

By Julius Chambers

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, Wizard of Steam, Air and Electricity.

WHEN George Stephenson started the first locomotive at Darlington the problem of stopping it and its imaginary train did not appear important. But as the railway developed into a grand, masterful utility, daily transporting hundreds of thousands of passengers and travelling at higher speed than originally deemed possible, necessity for placing control of the train entirely in the hands of its engineer became imperative.

The British method, maintained until recently, was to attach a "brake van" to the rear of each train, in which a porter, seated upon a perch that gave to him overlook of the cars and track, applied a windlass on signal by whistle or at sign of danger. In America a brakeman stood upon the platform between two cars and, when the locomotive whistle signalled to him, cranked a chain to stop the train. It was a slow process and his post was one of danger.

The locomotive driver of to-day sits in his cab, absolute master of the life-laden train behind him. A hand rests upon the lever that shuts off the steam, but within closer reach is a small knob, one stroke upon which will apply the Westinghouse automatic air brake—stopping a train, running at average speed, in its own length!

Such is the miracle wrought by George Westinghouse!

He has been "inventing" since boyhood. Like Edison, Westinghouse has invaded many branches of mechanics and science; the triad forces with which he conjures are steam, electricity and air. But his supreme claim as an engineer must rest upon the automatic air brake.

Like most great inventions, its simplicity is amazing. An air-compresser, operated by steam from the locomotive's boiler, is connected by pipes with a steel cylinder and piston under each car. A pipe, reaching to the end of the train, is constantly filled with air under high pressure, which can be instantly and locally applied.

The air brake was first tried in 1869, but the rear cars of long trains were not checked as promptly as the forward ones. And several accidents, described as "bucking," occurred. The rear cars climbed upon the front ones. Twenty-one years of tireless experimentation and an expenditure of many thousand dollars successfully remedied this serious defect. Since 1887 every car on a train of fifty cars becomes a separate unit the instant brakes are applied by the locomotive driver. Recent tests on a fifty-car train showed an "interference" of less than two seconds between the first and the last car—an interval of time too brief to cause disaster.

When the automatic brake was adopted brakemen opposed it. "Braking" was believed by them to be a fine art. Mechanism, responding instantly, did their work more effectively. In 1895 Congress passed a law requiring all freight and passenger cars in the United States to be equipped with air brakes before Jan. 1, 1898. That law was enforced. The great works at Wilmerding, fourteen miles east of Pittsburgh, and many other shops in Europe and Canada are the outgrowth of Westinghouse success.

Many thousand words would be required to deal with this American, who first saw the light amid the hills of Schoharie County, New York, in 1846. Very memorable was his contract for lighting the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago, 1892, when Westinghouse underbid all competitors by $1,000,000 for the largest electric lighting contract ever signed up to that time. It included twelve 1,000 horse-power generators, then a stupendous proposition. But at Niagara to-day are giant turbines directly connected with eight generators, each of 5,000 horse-power and weighing 170,000 pounds! All are the output of the Westinghouse works.

Under the patronage and encouragement of this man, Nikola Tesla's polyphase system of electrical transmission of power has been worked out together with the Tesla principle of the rotary magnetic field.

The Westinghouse shops are sprouting-beds of genius!

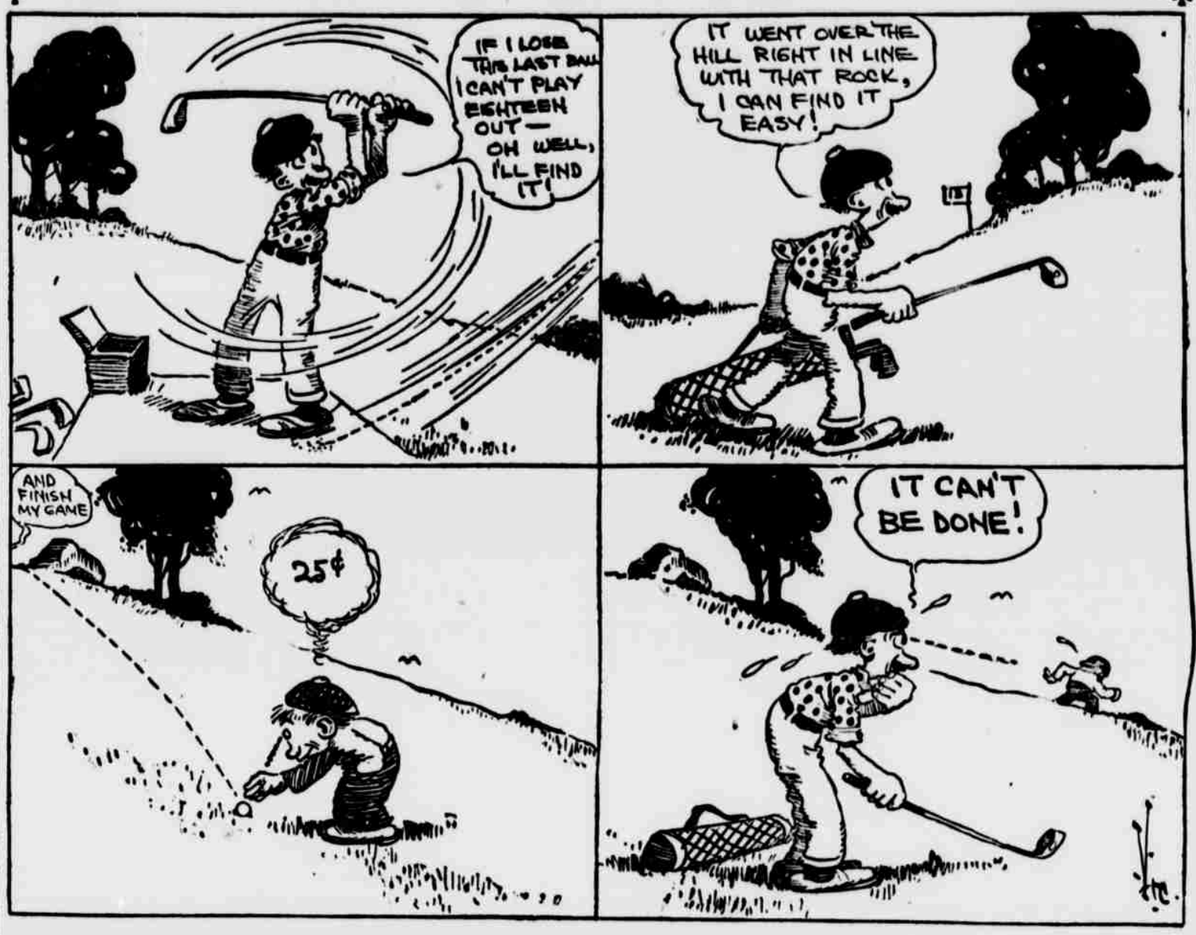
At this hour there are 50,000 railway motors in operation; utilities for which the Westinghouse name is responsible are countless. The works at Wilmerding, previously mentioned, contain the finest collection of tools of any shops in the world.

The latest Westinghouse thought is an air spring for automobiles, doing away with springs. It consists of four brass cylinders, two in front and two behind. These are said to remove all shock, and to admit the use of solid rubber instead of pneumatic tires! The brass tubes are filled with oil and air, and an automatic pump maintains the air pressure within them. It is the original air brake idea!

Therefore, we end where we began, with the one supremely original spark of initiative.

It Can't Be Done!

By Vic



The Fool Killer

Story of a Southern Bogy and a New York Cafe

By O. Henry

DOWN South whenever any one perpetrates some particularly monumental piece of foolishishness everybody says: "Send for Jesse Holmes."

Jesse Holmes is the Fool-Killer. Of course he is a myth, like Santa Claus and Jack Frost and General Prosperity and all those concrete conceptions that are supposed to represent an idea that Nature has failed to embody. The wisest of the Southrons cannot tell you whence comes the Fool-Killer's name; but few and happy are the households from the Roanoke to the Rio Grande in which the name of Jesse Holmes has not been pronounced or invoked. Always with a smile, and often with a tear, is he summoned to his official duty. A busy man is Jesse Holmes.

I remember the clear picture of him that hung on the walls of my fancy during my barefoot days when I was dodging his oft-threatened devoirs. To me he was a terrible old man, in gray clothes, with a long, ragged, gray beard, and reddish, fierce eyes. I looked to see him come stumping up the road in a cloud of dust, with a white oak staff in his hand and his shoes tied with leather thongs. I may yet—

But this is a story, not a sequel.

I have taken notice with regret, that few stories worth reading have been written that did not contain drink of some sort. Down go the fluids, from Arizona Dick's three fingers of red pizen to the inefficacious Oolong that nerves Lionel Montresor to repartee in the "Dotty Dialogues." So, in such good company I may introduce an absinthe drip—one absinthe drip, dripped through a silver dripper, orderly, opalescent, cool, green-eyed—deceptive.

Kerner was a fool. Besides that, he was an artist and my good friend. Now, if there is one thing on earth utterly despicable to another, it is an artist in the eyes of an author whose story he has illustrated. Just try it once. Write a story about a mining camp in Idaho. Sell it. Spend the money, and then, six months later, borrow a quarter for a dime), and buy a magazine containing it. You find a full-page wash drawing of your hero, Black Bill, the cowboy. Somewhere in your story you employed the word "horse."

Aha! the artist has grasped the idea. Black Bill has on the regulation trousers of the M. F. H. of the Westchester County Hunt. He carries a parlor rifle, and wears a monocle. In the distance is a section of Forty-second street during a search for a lost gas-pipe, and the Taj Mahal, the famous mausoleum in India.

Enough! I hated Kerner, and one day I met him and we became friends. He was young and gloriously melancholy because his spirits were so high and life had so much in store for him. Yes, he was almost riotously sad. That was his youth. When a man begins to be hilarious in a sorrowful way you can bet a million that he is dyeing his hair. Kerner's hair was plentiful and carefully matted as an artist's thatch should be. He was a cigaretteur, and he audited his dinners with red wine. But, most of all, he was a fool. And, wisely, I envied him, and listened patiently while he knocked Velasques and Tintoretto.

Once he told me that he liked a story of mine that he had come across in an anthology. He described it to me, and I was sorry that Mr. Fitz-James O'Brien was dead and could not learn of the eulogy of his work. But mostly Kerner made few breaks and was a consistent fool.

I'd better explain what I mean by that. There was a girl. Now, a girl, as far as I am concerned, is a thing that belongs in a seminary or an album; but I conceded the existence of the animal in order to retain Kerner's friendship. He showed me her picture in a locket—she was a blonde or brunette—I have fogotten which. She worked in a factory for eight dollars a week. Lest factories quote this wage by way of vindication, I will add that the girl had worked for five years to reach that supreme elevation of remuneration, beginning at $1.50 per week.

Kerner's father was worth a couple of millions. He was willing to stand for art, but he drew the line at the factory girl. So Kerner disinherited his father and walked out to a cheap studio and lived on sausages for breakfast and on Farroni for dinner. Farroni had the artistic soul and a line of credit for painters and poets, nicely adjusted. Sometimes Kerner sold a picture and bought some new tapestry, a ring and a dozen silk cravats and paid Farroni two dollars on account.

One evening Kerner had me to dinner with himself and the factory girl. They were to be married as soon as Kerner could slosh paint profitably. As for the ex-father's two millions—pouf!

She was a wonder. Small and half-way pretty, and as much at her ease in that cheap cafe as though she were only in the Palmer House, Chicago, with a souvenir spoon already safely hidden in her shirt waist. She was natural. Two things I noticed about her especially. Her belt buckle was exactly in the middle of her back, and she didn't tell us that a large man with a ruby stickpin had followed her up all the way from Fourteenth street. Was Kerner such a fool? I wondered. And then I thought of the quantity of striped cuffs and blue glass beads that $2,000,000 can buy for the heathen, and I said to myself that he was.

And then Elise—certainly that was her name—told us, merrily, that the brown spot on her waist was caused by her landlady knocking at the door while she (the girl—confound the English language) was heating an iron over the gas jet, and she hid the iron under the bedclothes until the coast was clear, and there was the piece of chewing gum stuck to it when she began to iron the waist, and—well, I wondered how in the world the chewing gum came to be there—don't they ever stop chewing it?

A while after that—don't be impatient, the absinthe drip is coming now—Kerner and I were dining at Farroni's. A mandolin and a guitar were being attacked; the room was full of smoke in nice, long crinkly layers just like the artists draw the steam from a plum pudding on Christmas posters, and a lady in a blue silk and gasolined gauntlets was beginning to hum an air from the Catskills.

"Kerner," said I, "you are a fool."

"Of course," said Kerner, "I wouldn't let her go on working. Not my wife. What's the use to wait? She's willing. I sold that water color of the Palisades yesterday. We could cook on a two-burner gas stove. You know the ragouts I can throw together? Yes, I think we will marry next week."

"Kerner," said I, "you are a fool."

"Have an absinthe drip?" said Kerner, grandly. "To-night you are the guest of Art in paying quantities. I think we will get a flat with a bath."

"I never tried one—I mean an absinthe drip," said I.

The waiter brought it in and poured the water slowly over the ice in the dipper.

"It looks exactly like the Mississippi River water in the big bend below Natchez," said I, fascinated, gazing at the be-muddled drip.

"There are such flats for eight dollars a week," said Kerner.

"You are a fool," said I, and began to sip the filtration. "What you need," I continued, "is the official attention of one Jesse Holmes."

Kerner, not being a Southerner, did not comprehend, so he sat, sentimental, figuring on his flat in his sordid, artistic way, while I gazed into the green eyes of the sophisticated Spirit of Wormwood.

Presently I noticed casually that a procession of bacchantes limned on the wall immediately below the ceiling had begun to move, traversing the room from right to left in a gay and spectacular pilgrimage. I did not confide my discovery to Kerner. The artistic temperament is too high-strung to view such deviations from the natural laws of the art of kalsomining. I sipped my absinthe drip and sawed wormwood.

One absinthe drip is not much—but I said again to Kerner, kindly:

"You are a fool." And then, in the vernacular: "Jesse Holmes for yours."

And then I looked around and saw the Fool-Killer, as he had always appeared to my imagination, sitting at a nearby table, and regarding us with his reddish, fatal, relentless eyes. He was Jesse Holmes from top to toe; he had the long, gray, ragged beard, the gray clothes of ancient cut, the executioner's look, and the dusty shoes of one who had been called from afar.

His eyes were turned fixedly upon Kerner. I shuddered to think that I had invoked him from his assiduous Southern duties. I thought of flying, and then I kept my seat, reflecting that many men had escaped his ministrations when it seemed that nothing short of an appointment as Ambassador to Spain could save them from him. I had called my brother Kerner a fool and was in danger of the fire. That was nothing; but I would try to save him from Jesse Holmes.

The Fool-Killer got up from his table and came over to ours. He rested his hands upon it, and turned his burning, vindictive eyes upon Kerner, ignoring me.

"You are a hopeless fool," he said to the artist. "Haven't you had enough of starvation yet? I offer you one more opportunity. Give up this girl and come back to your home. Refuse, and you must take the consequences."

The Fool-Killer's threatening face was within a foot of his victim's; but to my horror, Kerner made not the slightest sign of being aware of his presence.

"We will be married next week," he muttered absent-mindedly. "With my studio furniture and some second-hand stuff we can make out."

"You have decided your own fate," said the Fool-Killer, in a low but terrible voice. "You may consider yourself as one dead. You have had your last chance."

"In the moonlight," went on Kerner, softly, "we will sit under the skylight with our guitar and sing away the false delights of pride and money."

"On your own head be it!" hissed the Fool-Killer, and my scalp prickled when I perceived that neither Kerner's eyes nor his ears took the slightest cognizance of Jesse Holmes. And then I knew that for some reason the veil had been lifted for me alone, and that I had been elected to save my friend from destruction at the Fool-Killer's hands. Something of the fear and wonder of it must have showed itself in my face.

"Excuse me," said Kerner, with his wan, amiable smile; "was I talking to myself? I think it is getting to be a habit with me."

The Fool-Killer was gone.

(To Be Continued.)

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

Income and Marriage.

HOW much consideration should a girl give to the income of the young man who has asked her to marry him?

There are at least two broad generalizations which partially answer this question. No girl should ever marry a man for his money. No girl should marry a man without visible means of support. If she does the first thing she doesn't love her husband. If a young man asks her to do the second thing he doesn't love her as a husband should love.

But I do not think that a girl who really cares for a man will be deterred from marrying him merely because his income is small. Rather she will be glad to share in his hardships and deprivations. And if she does so she will enjoy his prosperity all the more when it comes.

"E. P." writes: "My employer has always been most considerate of me, but lately he has been making me occasional gifts of flowers and candy. Also he has asked me once or twice to lunch with him. I have not accepted because he is a married man. But would it be wrong for me to go out with him occasionally? He is many years older than I."

If you do go you will be laying yourself open to a false construction in the eyes of the world.

"B. N." writes: "I have never met the parents of my fiance. Is it my place to go to see them first, or should they call on me at my home?"

The latter, unless they are too old or infirm to go out.

Parental Consent.

"E. R." writes: "Should I ask the consent of a girl's parents before I become engaged to her?"

The modern young man usually dispenses with this formality, unless the girl is under age.

"E. M." writes: "I am to be married shortly and I should like to know whether the bride's father or I pay for the wedding refreshments?"

The bride's father pays everybody but the minister.

"V. D." writes: "What do the letters 'R. S. V. P.' mean when engraved on an invitation?"

They stand for a French phrase which translates "Please reply."

Beauty Secrets Of Famous Women

By Andre Dupont

THE TOILET OF MADAME DU BARRY.

THE hundreds of candles whose light the crystal lustres of the great chandeliers reflected in dancing points of color looked down upon a brilliant company. The guests seated around the big table were gorgeously arrayed. The men, in gay colored satin coats and knee breeches, with costly lace at neck and wrists and powdered hair fastened behind in a peruke, were fully as ornamental as the women. Even the lackeys who served the guests were in rich liveries, some in yellow and others in crimson velvet coats with white facings.

At one end of the table, seated by an elderly man with a handsome but weak face, was a woman of striking beauty. She was dressed in a gown of green satin lavishly embroidered in gold and trimmed with wreaths of artificial roses looped up with pearls, above a petticoat of satin almost covered with costly lace. Her hair, which she wore without powder, was of that rare shade known as ash blond, which gives softness and harmony to the features, and it was arranged in a rather high and fanciful coiffure intertwined with pearls, with a diamond star hanging over her forehead. Her eyebrows and lashes, in striking contrast, were brown; very dark brown they looked now, as their natural color had been artfully accentuated. Her eyes were blue, very large and sparkling. Her little Greek nose was finely cut, and her mouth was a regular Cupid's bow. Such was Mme. Du Barry as she appeared in the height of her glory giving a supper party to the King.

About her beauty there was no question. All the portraits, the books of memoirs and the chronicles of the time give testimony to her rare loveliness of person. "After all, the world is but an amusing theatre," she said, "and I see no reason why a pretty woman should not play a principal part in it."

And by means of her beauty she played it to the full. She loved fine clothes, she loved luxury, she spent the thousands wrung from the starving peasantry on dresses, laces and jewels, and above all else she loved the arts of the toilet. It is said of her that she kept the King waiting for nearly an hour on the great occasion when she was to be publicly presented to him because she was having her hair arranged in a new way. In those days to keep royalty waiting was an unthinkable crime, but when she came she looked so ravishingly lovely that susceptible Louis XV. forgave her.

She is said to have had an exquisite complexion, with the skin of a child; but, after the fashion of the day, she rouged it heavily and gave it an unnatural whiteness with chalk powder, while she drew attention to the beauty of her eyes by a patch placed artfully at one corner.

Du Barry's teeth were dazzlingly white. Her dentifrice was exceedingly simple and would not be without merit in the present day. We are told that she rubbed them with salt morning and night and kept them in perfect condition all her life. She was devoted to perfumes and bathed, as one chronicler tells us, "after the Eastern manner," that is, in perfumed waters. Water of roses was a favorite with her. This was made especially for her of fresh roses put into distilled water in which was a drop of sulphuric acid to extract the perfume.

After the death of the King she retired from the court and lived quietly at her chateau until the revolution, when she was arrested, and, in a cowardly attempt to save her life, denounced all who had aided her. She was dragged shrieking to the scaffold, begging for mercy.

Most of those who met death by the guillotine at this time showed great courage. The Princess de Lamballe, that great lady who had known Du Barry in the height of her power and who was a devoted friend of Marie Antoinette, let herself be torn to pieces by the infuriated mob rather than take the oath against her sovereign. Her beautiful head was placed on a pike and carried before the windows of the imprisoned Queen.

How to Choose Your Occupation

The Duties, Chances and Salaries in Various Lines of Work

—By Celia K. Husik—

25.—HOUSE DECORATOR.

THIS business often called "interior decorating" includes painters, paperhangers, kalsominers, &c., and offers employment to thousands of men. A specialty in this line of work is desirable, but a man should always learn the various details of house decorating before taking up a special line.

If you desire to become an interior decorator you must first find out whether you have a liking for climbing ladders, papering walls and varnishing floors. If you really have a liking for it there is always a place waiting for you. The other desirable qualifications are a steady hand, a good eye, rapidity, a sense of color and a skilful use of the brush. A good physical constitution is of absolute importance, as the work entails a considerable amount of physical exertion.

All the practical details of this work are learned by actual experience. The best way to take up interior decorating is to apprentice yourself to a successful decorator who does all kinds of work.

With a fair chance you will have no difficulty in mastering the business of house decorating. After several years of experience one special line of work may be taken up and followed with profit.

Apprentices earn from seven to ten dollars weekly while learning. The average pay in this work is from three to five dolars a day, depending upon the kind of work and the locality in which it is done.

The good worker who has friends among builders, business tact and some capital may start out for himself by taking contracts for jobs.

THE CAVE GIRL.

"The Cave Girl," by Edgar Rice Burroughs, author of "Tarzan of the Apes," will begin serial publication in The Evening World Monday, Sept. 22. "The Cave Girl" is even more unusual and more exciting than "Tarzan of the Apes." It deals with the adventures of an American castaway on an island peopled by ape-men and savage beasts and of his meeting with a glorious wild girl.